SONGS
OF
SWITZERLAND.

The Chamois Hunter.
The Swiss Girl's Dream.
The Hunter's Horn.
Fair Zurich's Waters.
The Chimes of Zurich.
The Merry Mountain Horn.
My Fatherland.
Banks of the Rhine.
My beautiful Rhine.
I am a Merry Mountain Child
A Woodland Life amid the Hills.

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The Chamois-Hunter.

e chamois-hunter, the cha-
mois-hunter,
the early dawn he goes
m his home in pleasant
Chamounia,
cross the Alpine snows.
hearth is blazing cheerily,
he turns it from his light
lare the dreadful precipice,
he dreary night.
'are thee well, fare thee
well,
hou bold chamois-hunt

The chamois-hunter, the cha-
mois-hunter,
He hath a lovely bride
And he gazes on her beauty,
With a lover's early pride;
Yet his bold and restless
spirit
Even love cannot restrain:
He grieves to see those sor-
rowing tears,
Yet are they shed in vain.
Heaven shield thee, hea-
ven shield thee,
Thou bold chamois-hunter.

The chamois-hunter, the chamois-hunter,
A wild life leadeth he ;
And he pauseth not at danger
Though he knows his destiny,
For his forefathers perish'd,
Following the Alpine deer :
Who would seek a mightier monumeut
Than the giant glacier ?
He asks no more—he asks no more—
The bold chamois-hunter

THE SWISS GIRL'S DREAM.

Oh, mother, I have had a dream, a bright and glorious dream :
Methought I stood once more beside our mountain's rushing stream ;
I heard again the "Ranz des Vaches," still in my heart it thrills,
And to my feet my tame chamois came bounding o'er the hills.

I gaz'd upon our quiet home —I felt no longer weak,
So fresh and cool the morning air play'd o'er my faded cheek ;
And on that breeze came "Zurich's chimes," most musical and clear,
Bringing the pleasant happy days of many a bye-gone year.

The murm'ring of the waterfall, the humming of the bee,
The lowing kine, the herdsman's song, were well-known sounds to me ;
And his dear voice, my early love's—nay, mother, do not chide—
I was so happy in my dream for he was by my side.
I pine amid the stranger-land, and sigh for that dear home,
Beneath a sunnier sky than

this, where freely I might roam.
Then take me hence—the mountain air will soon my health restore,
And then thy drooping child will spring to life and joy once more.

THE HUNTER'S HORN.

The hunter's horn the dogs are cheering,
To mountaineers a sound endearing;
The silver lake is brightly gleaming; [streaming;
The mountain rill is gaily
Haste then my love and come away,
The signal is our native lay.
Fa, la, la!

But see the angry clouds propelling
The snow-drift to our humble dwelling,
The timid flock, with lowly bleating,
Back to their sheltered fold retreating,
Haste then, my love, and come away,
The signal is our native lay.
Fa, la, la!

FAIR ZURICH'S WATERS.

By the margin of fair Zurich's water's, ayieo!
Dwelt a youth, whose fond heart, night and day,
For the fariest of fair Zurich's daughters, ayieo!
In a dream of love melted away.
If alone, no one bolder than he;
But with her, none more timid could be.
O list to me, dearest, I pray ayieo!
When she did so, he only could say, [day!
Ayieo, ayieo! alack well a-
Ayieo, ayieo! was all he could say.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters, ayieo!
At the close of a sweet summer's day!
To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters, ayieo!
This fond youth fonnd at last tongue to say:
I'm in love as you plainly see;
Could I love any other but thee?
O say wilt thou then be my bride, ayieo!
Can you tell how this fair one replied?
Ayie! ayieo! I leave you to guess;
Ayieo! ayieo! of course she yes!

The Chimes of Zurich.

The sun his parting ray had cast,
O'er verdant hills and dells,
And o'er the lake sweet music pass'd
From Zurich's evening bells
Wild birds were singing,
Flow'rets were springing,
Sweet chimes were ringing,
I hear them yet;
Sweet ev'ning chimes,
Sweet ev'ning chimes, I can ne'er forget.

The shades of eve were on the wave, and twilight's fairy dells,
Whilst echo answered from her cave,
Those distant evening bells:
Wild birds were singing,
Flow'rets were springing,
Sweet chimes were ringing,
I hear them yet,
Sweet ev'ning chimes,
Sweet ev'ning chimes, I can ne'er forget.

The Merry Mountain Horn.

Come, my gallant soldier, come!

Leave the proud embattled
field,
Shrilly fife, and rolling drum
All the pleasures war can
yield.
Quickly come--again behold
The happy land where thou
wert born,
And hear its music, sweet
and bold,
The merry mountain horn.
Yhueio-eio-yhu!

In thy native valley fine,
Far away from pomp and
pow'r,
Constant love and peace of
mind,
Here in bright affection's
bow'r.
Quickly come--again behold
The happy land where thou
wert born,
And hear its music sweet
and bold,
The merry mountain horn,
Yhueio-eio-yhu!

Hail to the Tyrol.

Hail to theTyrol,
Dear native Tyrol,
Land of the brave, the gal-
lant and free!
Oft have 1 wander'd,
Oft have 1 ponder'd,
There is no country that's
equal to thee,—
There is no country that's
epual to thee!
Thy sons are courageous,
Thy daughters are fair,
As fleet as the stag,
And as free os the air;
While the bright sword of
liberty beams in the eye,
The pleasure that dwelt in
my breast!
Hail to the Tyrol, etc.

Oft by the fountain,
High on the mountain,
Fondly 1've listen'd to hear
the wild strain;
Nightingales singing,
Village bells ringing,

Peassnts retiring across the wild plain,—
Peasants retiring across the wild plain!
Matin or vesper,
Welcome with joy,
My happy heart
Ne'er felt sorrow's alloy;
So gaily I sung, no care did annoy
The pleasure that dwelt in my breast.
Hail to the Tyrol, etc.

MY FATHERLAND.

Farewell! I go to the far off land,
But though bright that land may be,
There is not a home in the wide, wide world,
That can win my heart from thee.
In the courtly throngs of the stranger's hall,
I shall think of the happy land,
And the many joys I've shared with them,
In the homes of my father-land.
The many joys, etc.

I shall count the days till the hour returns,
That shall bring me back to thee—
To the home I love, and the kindly hearts,
That have made it dear to me:
Oh what joy will burst on the raptured sight,
When I see the waving hand
And hear the song I have lov'd so well,
In the homes of my father-land.
And hear the song, etc.

BANKS OF THE RHINE.

Far awoy from the dash of the torrent's rude foam
Where wild flowers blossom

and peace ffnds a home;
Where the sun brightly beams
on the dark glowing vine,
In a cottage Love dwelt on
the banks of the Rhine.

A maiden as fair as the day-
beam was there,
Whose heart was as pure as
her young brow was fair;
And oft did the hunters, at
evening's decline,
A sweet welcome find in that
cot by the Rhine.

There was one in that throng
o'er whose bosom no care
Could leave for a moment its
dark traces there;
He sighed—but his light
heart could never repine,
For Love dwelt in that cot
on the banks of the Rhine

The green leaves were dying
and fading each flower,
And song birds no more
sought the shade of each
bower;
Ere winter came on, at af-
fection's pure shrine,
They knelt down in joy in
that cot by the Rhine.

My Beautiful Rhine.

How sweet 'tis to wander,
When day-beams decline,
And sunset is gilding
My beautiful Rhine.
Hark! the sound of the horn
O'er the wave!

And no more on the moun-
tain
His footsteps will roam,
But bright smiles shall wel-
come
The bold hunter home.

This heart wildly throbbing,
In silence must pine,
Like the depths of thy wat-
ers,
My beautiful Rhine!
Hark the sound, etc.

I am a Merry Mountain Child.

I am a merry mountain child
Gaily o'er the hill and plain
Bound I like the chamois wild—
At eve return again.
Where's the aim more true than mine,
Where's the foot can quicker speed?
Clinging to the clust'ring vine,
The venturous way I lead.
I am a merry, etc.

Oft as I track the straggling deer,
Lightly leaps my heart with joy,
Sorrow never brings a tear,
And grief gives no annoy
As the wild bird thro' the air
Wings ils way to climes afar
So the gentle breeze I share
Beneath the evening star
I am a merry,

A Woodland Life amid the Hills.

A woodland life amid the hills,
We hunters sweetly pass away,
Bounding over rocks and rills,
From dawn to set of day.

Oh! sweet it is, at dewy morn,
To chase the savage boar,
And hear the echoes of the horn
Mingled with his roar.

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Cheer, Boys, Cheer.

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way;
Hope points before and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

So farewell England! much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we may have shed before;
Why should we weep to go in search of fortune?
So farewell England! Farewell for evermore!

Cheer, boys, cheer! for England! mother England!
Cheer, boys, cheer! for willing strong right hand!
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour!
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
The world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the West.

Here we had toil and little to reward it;
Bnt there shall plenty smile upon our pain;
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

Cheer, boys, cheer! for England! mother England!
Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour!
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.